

FAMILY HISTORY

WILLIAM LINDSAY (Written by his son William)

(Copied by Ida C. Thomas great grand daughter)

William was the eldest son of Robert McQueen Lindsay and Elizabeth Geddes. He was born May 1820 at Wanlockhead, Dumfries, Scotland. He received a common school education at the village school and spent his youthful days among the Bonnie Heather hills. But quite early in life he began to work in the leadmines like his father before him.

There was a little church in the village where everybody was expected to attend services on the sabbathday and no work of any kind was done. They were a very honest upright class of people, very religiously inclined. This was the kind of invirement in which the Lindsay family were born and raised. It was a very unusual thing for any one to move away from the little village among the hills. For some cause this family left and moved into Ayrshire, probably on account of better work or better wages. This was about 1832.

While working near Craighall, three miles from the town of Ayr, William Lindsay became acquainted with a young woman named Christina Howie and on the 15th of May 1844 they were married. He worked along with his father taking contracts to open coal mines and sink shafts. He had been a very steady sober young man. I have heard him say that he never was under the influence of ^{drunkenness} in his life and that time some of his cronies for a joke mixed a glass of whiskey in his glass of ale. This was before he was married. He was a very steady hard working man, a good miner and one that could always be depended upon in every way.

They moved from place to place quite a number of times during their married life on account of work and wages. The names and ages of their children are given in the family record in this book so will not report them in this history. Most of the time, however, they lived in Ayrshire and Ayr.

William Lindsay had always been of a religious disposition and had studied the Bible trying to find out just what the doctrines taught by Christ and the Apostles were, and until the Later-Day Saint missionaries came along in 1848 he could not feel entirely satisfied. When he heard the Gospel as taught by the missionaries he gladly embraced it and was an earnest and active member. He held important positions, was president of some of the branches. He was very punctual in attending all meetings, walking as far as ten miles to attend his duties in the Church. He was ready at all times to defend the Gospel. He had a great desire to come to Utah, in fact he was saving every penny he could for that purpose, up to the time of his death which took place October 17, 1861.

My brother James and I were working with him at the time of his death. We had taken the coal he had dug, away in the little cars to send it up to the surface and had been gone about 30 minutes when we returned we found our dear Father lying dead under a large stone. Of course we were frantic and tried to raise the stone but could not. Then we ran to other parts of the mine to get men to come and get our Father's body from under the stone, which they finely did and took him up to the surface and to our home at 19 Mill Lane, Kilmarnock.

It was a terrible shock for all of us, but for our poor dear Mother it was worse. Our home which had been a place of peace and joy was now one of deepest sorrow. All our fond hopes of ever getting to Zion seemed to be blasted forever. But dear old Mother did not give up to despair but said "never mind boys we will get to Zion yet". On the very next ship next spring they were aboard. Father's last words to James and I were "Pitch in and help me all you can for I have not long to be with you".

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William Lindsay con't.

William Lindsay's word was as good as his bond. He was loved and respected by all who knew him as an honorable man a consistent Latter-Day Saint. May his sons and daughters all follow in his footsteps.

CHRISTINA HOWIE (Wife of William Lindsay, written by her son William) Copied by Ida C. Thomas

Christina was the eldest child of William Howie and Jane Blackwood. She was born at Craighall, Ayrshire, Scotland 3 July 1823.

Her father was working as a farm laborer, and though a very steady honest man he had very little of this worlds goods, depending entirely on his days labor to supply his family with the necessities of life. Wages were very small in that country and Craighall a very small village near the banks of the river Ayr that Bobbie Burns mentions so often in his songs and poems. A very pretty place some three miles from the town of Ayr, and in the farming district. She got very little education as they lived near three miles from a school house. By the time she was able to walk that distance she had to go to work at some of the farm houses. When quite young she learned to milk cows feed them and to make butter and cheese. In fact she learned to do all kinds of work around the farm house. As she got older she even helped to cut the grain at harvest time, with a cycle or hook and bind it too.

Once while working at this work she cut her little finger on her left hand which left it stiff the rest of her life.

When father first met her she was the dairy maid at a farm called Crawford-Stone. I visited all these places when I was back there in 1907. There is little change; all looked old and somewhat delapidated. Father and mother were married at Craighall on the 15th of May 1844. On account of fathers work they kept moving about from time to time. Only once, however, did they move out of Ayrshire and that was just before my birth in 1847. While living there in April 1848 they joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Both were faithful members as long as they lived, though they had to meet the scoffs and scornes of their friends and neighbors.

My mother was the only one of the Howie family to join the Church at that time. Her brother William Howie did join later but it seemed to me it was only for the purpose of getting help to bring him to Utah. After he got here he was not satisfied and and went back to England. I visited him in Leeds in 1907, I found him a poor old man very deaf, but wished he was back in Heber Valley again. Poor old Uncle Willie, I felt very sorry for him.

Father and mother in their moving about were far from the meeting places of the Church and quite often had to walk three or four miles to attend meetings; but were prompt in their attendance. Mother nearly always had a baby to carry but she would wrap them in a shawl and get them on her back. I am sure she has done that hundreds of times. No mother was more interested in the welfare of her children than was my mother. I can remember well when I first had to go to work in the coal mines. I was only nine years of age and we had to get up very early. She used to wake us up; help us dress with tears in her eyes and would say my poor wee boys I hope you will some day get away from the pits. Mother was a grand baker of soda scones especially if she had butter milk to mix them with.

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CHRISTINE HOWIE CON'T

At the death of our dear father she did not give way to dispair but stood the terrible shock wonderfully well. Her faith in God was still strong and calling us boys around her and said "boys, never mind we will get to Zion yet" and on the very first ship in the spring her word came to pass. Father was killed on the 17th of October 1861 and we started for Utah the 19th of April 1862. My brothers and I had to work in the mine for that last six months and do the best we could without our kind father's care. James and I had to push our cars of coal right over the spot where our father was killed. Robert and Sam also worked in another part of the mine. Finally a letter came from Liverpool informing us that berths had been secured for all of our family on board the sailing vessel on the ship John J. Boyd which would sail for New York on the 22nd of April and for us to dispose of everything that we would not need on the journey and be in Liverpool by the 21st. This letter was the cause of much rejoicing in our family. Brother Sam ran around saying "that's the best letter that ever came to our house," and I think we all agreed with him. We received this letter about the 16th of April so we quickly disposed of the few things we had to sell for just what we could get out of them and on the 19th of April 1862 we gladly bid our friends good bye.

We went by train from Kilmarnock to Glasgow and from there to Liverpool on a small steam boat, where some of us got our first taste of seasickness. Got on board the ship along with 700 passengers all leaving friends and their native land bound for Utah. James S. Brown was president of the company. The ship was divided into 7 wards with a man to oversee each ward. We only had one storm of any consquence on the voyage. The food was not good as there was only one large stove or galley to cook for 700 people it was hard to get anything cooked. Mother however had cooked a lot of oat cakes to bring with us so we fared better than many others. Two deaths on the sea.

We arrived safely in New York on the 4th of June; stayed there two days. Had to walk some two miles to the horse cars which took us to the Hudson river. We went to Albany on a steam boat, then by train and steamboat on to Florence, Nebraska. This took ten days and we had very little to eat. We got food from the Church store at Florence for seven weeks while we stayed there waiting for the ox Teams coming from Utah to haul our luggage over the plains and mountains. Our family with others were assigned to the John Turner wagon in Homer Duncans Company. The teamsters and the oxen were all new to us. We left Florence on the Missouri river July 20th on our long tiresome journey of a thousand miles in the heat, dust, wind and the rain. This was a wonderful experience and a very trying for most of those people who never had slept out doors or cooked food in pots and skillets on a fire made of sticks, brush or buffalo chips and sleeping in tents along with twelve or fourteen others and traveling in the dust made by the oxens feet. We traveled some fifteen miles every day. Everthing was strange. There was fifty wagons in each train and all were warned to keep close to the wagons for fear of Indians. There was a carrol formed by the wagons, 25 wagons on each side with an opening at each end and a guard placed at the openings. Our family crossed the dreary planes without any serious mishaps. Several persons died and were buried by the wayside without coffins.

We arrived in Heber on the 21st of Stptember. 1862

Two months on our journey across the plains George and John Muir met us on Silver Creek or probable, we would have gone with the

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the train to Salt Lake City.

Mother soon bought a log cabin from Bayless Sprouse and paid for it in clothing she had brought from Scotland. Robert and I hired out and got some wheat for our pay. In this way the family got bread to eat. Our little Sister Elizabeth died on the 4th of October some two weeks after our arrival, she was among the first to be buried in Heber cemetery.

There was a move set on foot soon after our arrival by William Wall and others for all the settlers to donate to a fund that would furnish a cow free to all new comer families but Mother, being very independent, refused to take a cow this way, she traded a dress pattern to Janet Sessions and got her first cow.

In 1863 she married George Muir, but went on working, helping in the harvest field, binding wheat to help him with his work. She was always busy doing work of some kind. She got one of the first sewing machines that was brought to the valley and did sewing for other families. She went to the head of Echo Canyon and cooked for twenty or more men from Heber who were working on the railroad in 1868. She had a girl to help with this work. Later she went to Evanston where George Muir worked at the coal mines, while there she kept boarders and saved money enough to help her sons to get her rock house in Heber built (214 East 2nd North). Very few women would have undertaken such a thing. Later she came back to Heber and acted as a midwife, helping many women in time of need. She took up a homestead claim on Center Creek, proved up on the claim and gave the title to her two sons John and George Muir. She also did what temple work she could for the salvation of her dead relatives. She was quite active up to the time of her death, attending to her house hold duties. She often expressed her thankfulness to God that she had, with His help, gotten to Utah and get settled comfortably in homes of their own, with good wives. She often said if she had picked them herself she could have chosen better. When I went on my mission in 1905 she accompanied me on the train to Provo, there I parted with my dear mother, having hopes of seeing her again on my return, but in this I was mistaken, she passed away on the 25 July 1906, a few days over 83 years of age. I learned of Mothers illness while in England from my dear wife. I was glad to know that my wife stayed with her and did what she could to relieve her pain and make her comfortable in her last illness. God bless the memory of our dear Mother.